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Hans *Breitmann's*
Party.

With other *Ballads.*

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;
. 306 CHESTNUT STREET.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

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Dem Herrn

“Carl Benson.”

(CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.)

Achtungsvoll gewidmet

dem

Verfasser.

Ad Musam.

"Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebsta:
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herzo,
Huic me ergebo ipsum meeque illi abstatto geluebda,
Huic ehrensaulas aufrichto optroque Geschenka,
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo."

Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th century.

Hans Breitmann's Party.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,
Dey had biano-blayin
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound.
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fraeulein in de House,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate Lager Beer.
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty,
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Dere all vas Souse und Brouse,
 Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselves to house ;
 Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
 De Bratwurst and Braten fine,
 Und vash der Abendessen down
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 We all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
 Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
 Where ish dat barty now !
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dat float on de moundain's prow ?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
 De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
 All gonod afay mit de Lager Beer—
 Afay in de ewigkeit !

Breitmann in Battle.

*"Tunc tapfre ausfuhrere Streitum et Vittris dignum
potuere erjagere lobum."*

DER FADER UND DER SON.

Idinks I'll go a fitin—outspoke der Breitemann,
"It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy eight since I kits
swordt in hand ;
Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin I haf been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for
sailin in."

"If you go land out-ridin," said Caspar Pickletongue,
"Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels
prave and young.

Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey'll split you like a
clam"—

"For dat," spoke out der Breitemann, "I doos not
gare one tam !"

Who der Teufel pe's de repels und vhere dey kits deir
sass,

If dey make a run on Breitemann he'll soon let out de
gas ;

I'll shplit dem like kartoffels : I'll slog em on de kop ;
I'll set de plackguarts roonin so dey don't know vhere
to shtop."

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger py
his side :

“ Forvarts, my pully landmen ! it’s dime to run und
ride ;

Will riden, will fighten—der Copitain I’ll pe, [rie !”
It’s sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de Cavall-

Und ash dey rode troo Winchester, so herrlich to pe
seen,

Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden on de creen ;
Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommand :
Says he, “ Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein
Faderland ?

“ You’re dressed oop like a shentleman mit your plack-
guard Yankee crew,

You mudsills and meganics ! Der Teufel put you troo !
Old Yank you ought to shtay at home und dake your
liddle horn,

Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse”—der Breitmann
laugh mit shkorn.

“ Und should I trink mein lager-bier und roost mine
self to home ? [thoom :

Ife got too many dings like you to mash beneat’ my
In many a fray und fierce foray dis Deutschman will be
feared [his peard.”

Pefore he stops dis vightin trade—’twas dere he greyed

“ I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifes him sooch
 a dwist [tionist !
 Dill all de plood roons out, you tamned old Apoli-
 Your creenpacks mit your swordt und watch right ofer
 you moost shell, [h—ll !”
 Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to

“ Mein creenpacks und mein schlaeger, I kits ’em in
 New York, [talk ;”
 To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de
 De heroes shtopped deir sassin’ here und grossed deir
 sabres dwice,
 Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig
 ding on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty smack
 Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit
 und crack ;
 Der repel choomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe
 his life :
 Der Breitmann says : “ I guess dem choomps you
 learns dem of your vife.”

“ If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,
 Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and game.
 My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
 Ter teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I’ll split your
 waggin’ tongue !”

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt gray-
 pearded man— [he ran.
 For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat swordt
 All roundt der shlim yoong repel's waist his arms oldt
 Breitmann pound,
 Und shlunged him down oopon his pack und laidt him
 on der ground.

“ Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep vite—if he
 can, [man ?
 Say vot you dinks of vightin now mit dis old shentle-
 Your dime is oop ; you got to die, und I your breest
 vill pe ;
 Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas ? If so I lets you free.”

“ I don't know nix apout Ideas—no more dan pout
 Saint Paul,
 Since I peen down in Tixey I kits no books at all ;
 I'm greener ash de clofer-grass ; I'm shtupid as a
 shpoon ;
 I'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune*.

“ Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mut-
 ter say,
 She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay ;
 Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps 'twas all a
 sell—
 If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty well.”

“Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?
 Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?”
 Der Breitmann pooled his hand-shoe off und shooked
 him py de hand;
 “Ve’ll hafe some trinks on strengt of dis—or else may
 I pe tam’d!”

“Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop,” der younger
 Breitmann said;
 “I’d den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mine
 own headt!”
 “Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit
 a blaster; [der.”
 If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisas-

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper tide,
 Und droo de streeds of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he
 did ride. [tory!
 Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fic-
 Who’s dat a ridin’ py his side? “Dis here’s mein son,”
 says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly he
 kit down? [prown!
 How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de bier so
 But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him
 all at one. [mein son!”
 “Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou art

Der one has got a fader ; de oder found a child.
 Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce und
 wild.
 It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so suc-
 ceed—
 Und damit hat sein' Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S
 LIED.

Breitmann in Maryland.

DER Breitmann mit his gompany,
 Rode out in Marylandt.
 " Dere's nichts to trink in dis countrie ;
 Mine troat's as dry as sand.
 It's light canteen und haversack,
 It's hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
 Und if we had some lager-bier
 I'd trink oontil I boorst.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 We'd trink oontil we boorst.

"Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,
 Und ride dis land around !
 Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
 Dill somedings goot is found.
 Gotts-doonder ! men, go ploonder !
 We hafn't trinked a bit
 Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had bier
 I'd sauf oontil I shplit !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 We'd sauf oontil we shplit !"

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs
 Coom rattlin' troo de camp ;
 "Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere !
 Herr Copitain—we moost tromp !
 De scouds have found a repel town,
 Mit repel davern near,
 A repel keller in de cround,
 Mit repel lager bier ! !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 All fool of lager-bier !

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !
 How Breitmann broked de bush !
 "O let me see dat lager bier !
 O let me at him rush !
 Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
 Und is mein war-horse goot ?

To get one quart of lager bier
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.

" Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
 One hoonderd strong are we ;
 Who gares a tam for all de odds
 Wenn men so dirsty pe."
 And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
 Like donder-polts dey fly,
 Rush fort as der wild yæger cooms
 Mit blitzen troo de shky.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Like blitzen troo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewd to left
 De moundains, drees unt hedge ;
 How left und rite de yæger corps
 Went donderin troo de pridge.
 Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
 Where not some pridges pe :
 All dripplin in de moonlight peam
 Stracks went de cavallrie !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory on dey rote,
 Oonheedin vet or try ;
 Und horse und rider shnort und blowed,
 Und shparklin bepples fly.
 Ropp ! ropp ! I shmell de barley-prew !
 Dere's somedings goot ish near.
 Ropp ! Ropp !—I scent de kneiperei ;
 We've got to lager bier !
 Gling, glang gloria !
 We've got to lager bier !

Hei ! how de carpine pullets klined
 Oopon de helmets hart !
 Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;
 Du alter Knasterbart !
 De contrapands dey sing for choy
 To see de rebs go down,
 Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :
 Hoorah !—we've dook de down.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria, victoria !
 De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
 And wild husaren shout
 De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
 Unt rolled de lager out ;

And in the coorlin powder shmoke,
 While shtill de pullets sung.
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
 A knockin out de boong.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria ! Encoria !
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
 While yet his hand was red,
 A trinkin lager from his poots
 Among de repel tead.
 'Twas dus dey went at mitternight
 Along der moundain side ;
 'Twas dus dey help make history !
 Dis was der Breitmann's ride.
 Gling, glang, gloria ;
 Victoria ! Victoria !
 Cer'visia, encoria ?
 De treadful mitnight ride
 Of Breitmann's wild Freischarlinger,
 All famous, broad, und wide.

Breitmann as a Bummer.

DER Sheneral Sherman bolts oop on his coorse.
He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his horse.
“Dere’s a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak!”
Ven shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,
There coomed a young orterly gallopin fast,
Who gry mit amazement: “Here Shen’ral! Goot Lord!
Dat bummer der Breitmann ish holdin der ford!”

Der Shen’ral he ooterred no hymn und no psalm,
But opened his lips und he priefly say “D——n!
Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;
To get it dose shaps would set hell in a shiver,
But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:
Ho Sickles! move promp’y, send down a prigade!
Dat Dootchman moost work mighty hard mit his sword
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.”

Dey spoorred on, dey hoory’d on, gallopin shtraight,
But for Breitmann help coomed shust a liddle too late,
For ash de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
So on to de Bumpers de repels coom down:
Heinrich von Schinkenstein’s tead in de road,
Dieterich Hinkelbein’s flat ash a toad;
Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
But shoost “*Mutter Gottes!*”—und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled troo de hair,
 Einer aus Bœblingen—he too vash dere—
 Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence,
 (His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens,)
 Und dough he like a ravin mad cannibal fought,
 Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash caught;
 Und de last dings ve saw, he was tied mit a cord,
 For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
 Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;
 But von grey-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet
 Dat Breitman vouldt pe a pad egg for dem, yet.
 “He has more on his pipe as dem vellers allows;
 He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
 Dey'll find dat dey took in der duyvel to board,
 De day dey pooled Breitmann well ofer de ford.”

In de Bowery each bier-haus mit crape vas oop-done,
 Ven dey read in de bapers dat Breitmann vas gone;
 Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
 At the great Trauer-fest of de Toorner Verein
 Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoples did dink
 Dat Sherman's great Sherman cood nefer more trink.
 Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin und vailen vas hoor'd,
 Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

SECONDT PARDT.

I *N dulce jubilo* now ve all sings,
A-waivin de panners like avery dings.
De preeze troo de bine-drees ish cooler und salt,
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks troo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea !
Dere's a gry from de quart--dere's a clotter und dramp,
Ven dat fery same orterly rides troo de camp,
Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and awe
In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw;
Und he shpeak me in Fræntsch, like he always do :
"Look ! [his spook !
Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu !—dere ish Breitmann—
He ish goming dis way ! *Nom de garce !* can it pe
Dat de spooks of te tead men coom down to de sea !"
Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,
For risin' all swart on de efenin red
Vas Johannes—der Breitmann—der war es, bei Gott !
Coom ridin to oos-ward, right shtrait to de shpot !
All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin hearts,
For he look shoost so pig ash de shiant of de Hartz ;
Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say "Ave Morie !
Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea !"

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
 Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin his
 clothes,
 For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
 In a vlammin new coat and magnificent vest.
 Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he wore,
 Und a gold mounted swordt like an Kaiser he bore,
 Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
 Moost hafe proken some panks on his vay to de sea.

“Id is he !” “*Und er lebt noch !*” he lifes, ve all say :
 Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann !—Hans Breit-
 mann ! *Herr Je !*”
 Und ve roosh to emprace him, and shtill more ve find
 Dat vherefer he’d peen, he’d left noding pehind.
 In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
 Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
 In his bockets cold dollars were shinglin’ deir doons
 Mit two doozen vottes und four doozen shpoons,
 Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin’ his dea,
 Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
 Ve makes him a sooper of avery dings nice.
 Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,
 Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.

Den t'vas "here's to you, Breitmann! Alt Schwed'—
bist zuruck?

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights
 week?"

Und ve holds von shtupendous und derriple shpree
 For choy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid ve ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
 Vot he tid; vot he pass troo—or vot he might seen?
 Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem
 woons,

Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods und
 shpoons?

For to all of dem queerries he only rebliēs

"If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies!"

So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe

Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies

How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir soopies:

For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant

Say de bummers hafe only shoost dake vat dey vant.

But 'tis vhispered dat vwhile a refolfer'll go round

Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found;

Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder!—not he,

Vwhile der teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

Breitmann in Kansas.

VONCE oopon a dimes, goot vwhile afder der war
vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud West,
drafellin apout like afery dings—" *circuivit
terram et perambulavit eam,*" ash der Tyfel said ven
dey ask him: "how vash you and how you has been?"

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und
shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey singed
songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say: "Ish any
podies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans Breit-
mann's Barty?" Den Hans say: "*Ecce Gallus!* I
am dat rooster!" Den der Hans dook a trink und a
let-bencil und a biece of baper, and goes indo himself
a little dimes und denn coomes out again mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;

He drafel fast und far.

He rided shoost drei dousand miles

All in von rail-roat car.

He knowed foost rate how far he goed—

He gounted all de vile.

Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,

Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;

I dell you vot my poy.

You bet dey hat a pully dimes

In crossin Illinoy.

Dey speaked dere speaks to all de folk
 A shtandin in de car;
 Den ask dem in to dake a trink,
 Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
 By shings! dey did it prawn.
 Ven he cot into Leafenvort,
 He found himself in town.
 Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
 More goot as man could dink;
 Mit avery dings on eart to eat,
Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
 He vent it on de loud.
 At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,
 He foundt a pully crowd.
 He looked for bleedin' Kansas,
 But dat's "blayed out," dey say;
 De whisky keg's de only dings
 Dat's bleedin' der to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
 To see vot he could hear.
 He foundt soom Deutschers dat exisdt
 Py makin' lager bier.

Says he: "*Wie gehts du Alt Gesell?*"

But no dings could be heard;
Dey'd growed so fat in Kansas
Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
Py shings! I dell you vot.
Von day he met a crisly bear
Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott!*
Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear,
Und bleased him fery much—
For efery vordt der crisly growled
Vas goot Bavarian Dutch!

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas!
By donder dat is so!
He ridet oout upon de plains
To shase de boofalo.
He fired his rifle at the bools,
Und gallop troo de shmoke,
Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
Der tyfel vas a choke!

It's hey de trail to Santa Fe;
It's ho! agross de plain.
It's lope along de Denver road,
Until we toorn again.

Und de railroad dravel after us
 Apout as quick as we ;
 Dis Kansas ish de fastest land
 Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 He have a pully dime ;
 Bu 'tvas in oldt Missouri
 Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
 Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
 Und all der nobs around ;
 Dey spread him und dey tea'd him
 Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 Troo all dis earthly land,
 A vorkin out life's mission here
 Soobyectify und grand.
 Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
 Some works philosophie ;
 Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
 Ash von eternal shpree !

Die Schoene Wittwe.

(DE POOTY VIDDER.)

Vot de Yankee Chap sung.

“**D**AT pooty liddle vidder
Vot we dosh’nt vish to name,
Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,
A-doin’ shuss de same.
De glerks aroundt de gorners
Somedimes goes round to zee
How die tarlin liddle vitchy ees,
Und ask ’er how she pe.
Dey lofes her ver’ goot liquœr,
Dey lofes her liddle shtore;
Dey lofes her liddle paby,
But dey lofes die vidder more.
To dalk mit dat shveet vidder,
Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
Pe happy, ve’ll be pound.
Dat ish if ve can vell pelieve
De glerks vat drinks das peer,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
Put simply for to zee her.”

How der Breitmann cut him out.

OH yes I know die wittwe,
 Mit eyes so prite und proun!
 She's de allerschönste wittwe
 Vot live in dis here town.
 In her plack silk gown—mine grashious!—
 All puttoned to de neck—
 Und a pooty liddle collar,
 Mitout a shpot or shpeck.
 Ho! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—
 You cant pegin to shine
 Ven de lofely vidder cooms along—
 Dis vidder ash ish mine!
 Ho! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,
 You Englishers und sóoch.
 You cant pegin to coot me out,
 Mit out you dalks in Dootch.
 Ich hab die schœne wittwe
 Schon lange nit gesehn,
 Ich sah sie gestern Abend
 Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.
 Die Wangen rein wie Milch und Blut,
 Die Augen hell und klar.
 Ich hab sie sechsmal auch gekusst—
 Potztausend! das ist wahr.

Breitmann and the Turners.

HANS BREITMANN choined de Turners
Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
All in de Toorner Hall.
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,
Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed
on de fifes
Till dey couldn't refise no more.
Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Toorner Hall,
Und poots him a course of shprouts,
Dey poots him on de barrell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead !
Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners ;—
Dey make shimnastig dricks
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fify-six.
Und den he trows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink :
De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
Und py shinks ! he didn't vink !

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners :—
 Mein Gott ! how dey drinked und shwore
 Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
 Und Bavarians by de score.
 Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
 Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
 Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
 Und *he* vas a *Holstein* Dane.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,
 Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;
 Ven he open de box it schmell so loudt
 It knock de musik doomb.
 Ven de Deutschers kit de flavor,
 It coorl de haar on dere head ;
 Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere ;
 Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners ;
 De ladies coomed in to see ;
 Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
 All in der gal-lerie.
 Dey ashk : "Vhere ish der Breitmann ?"
 And dey dremple mit awe and fear
 Ven dey see him schwingen py de toes,
 A trinken lager bier.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners :—

I dells you vot py tam !

Dey sings de great Urbummellied :

De holy Sharman psalm.

Und ven dey kits to de gorus

You ought to hear dem dramp !

It scared der Teufel down below

To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners :—

By Donner ! it vas grand,

Vhen de whole of dem goes a valkin'

Und dancin' on dere hand,

Mit de veet all wavin' in de air,

Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !

Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down

Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,

Dey lay dere in a heap,

And slept dill de early sonnen shine

Come in at de window creep ;

And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,

And dey go to kit deir feed :

Here hat' dis song an Ende—

Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

Ballad.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on :
"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vere deres heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

“Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin,
 Und you catches dem efery one :”—
 So sang dis wasser maiden
 Vot hadn't got nodings on.

“Dere ish drunks all full mit money
 In ships dat vent down of old;
 Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
 To shimmerin crowns of gold.

“Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
 Shoost see dese diamant rings!
 Coom down und full your bockets,
 Und I'll giss you like avery dings.

“Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
 Coom down into der Rhine!
 Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
 Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!”

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound;
 She pooled his coat-tails down,
 She drawed him oonder der wasser,
 De maidens mit nodings on.

END.





